

"The Redemption of David Corson"; a Dramatic Story.

It is a Tale of Sin and Love and Remorse.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

In "The Redemption of David Corson," Charles Frederick Goss has presented to the world a story that is dramatic and a tale that is true. The different elements combine into a homogeneous whole. The result is powerful and touching.

From Cincinnati in New Orleans, then to New York, and then back to the Ohio city, the path of David Corson lay, but, in spite of this urban setting in part, the novel is distinctly one of the woods and plains, of the song of the lark and the call of the wild. It is a story of a bygone generation, when the Ohio River knew not the peaceful settlement of today. It was to a woodman's home that David, at last, brought the beloved Peppeta, a home out from the wild forest.

David Corson was a young Quaker, a seer, a man who was to do great things in the religious world. He saw visions, he was a nature-lover. How had the night fallen in a few months he became a gambler, a charlatan, and he had deceived Peppeta. The girl had been brought up by Gypsies, but her heart was right, and her sense of duty strong. David himself had taught her the beauty of religion. To make her leave her husband, a coarse, sin-hardened quaker, who had bought her from the Gypsies in her childhood, David

induced the Justice of the Peace who had married them to tell her that she had not been legally married. It was easy then for David to have a bogus marriage ceremony performed, and they went away together, to be pursued by the old doctor, David left him for dead by the road, and went on to join Peppeta.

Months later, in New Orleans, when the agency of the sin and death had eaten into David's soul, and a shadow had crept between them, confession came. The shocked and deceived Peppeta cried: "Something must be done, but what?" He covered to his chair.

"Forgive me," she cried, when she noticed his despair. "I did not mean to reproach you, but I am so bewildered! And yet I see my duty! If he is my husband, I must go back to him. A wife's place is by her husband's side. I do not see how I can do it, but I must. How hard it is! I cannot realize it. The very thought of seeing him again makes me shudder! And yet I must go!" "It is impossible," gasped the trembling creature to whom she looked for confirmation.

"Why impossible?" "Because, because he is dead," he whispered through his dry lips. "Dead? Did you say dead?" Peppeta cried. "When did he die? How did he die?"

"I killed him," he shouted, springing to his feet and waving his hands wildly. "There! It has told itself, I knew it would. It has been eating its way out of my heart for months. I should have died if I had kept it secret for another moment. I feel relieved already. You do not know what it means to guard a secret night and day for years, do you? Oh, how sweet it is to tell it at last! I killed him! I killed him! I struck him with a stone. I crushed his skull and turned his face downward in the road and left him there, so that when they found him they would think that he had fallen from his horse. It was well done, for one who had no training in crime! No one has suspected it. I am in no danger. And, yet, I cannot not keep the secret any longer. Explain that, will you? If my tongue had been torn out by the roots, my eyes would have looked it, and if my eyes had been sealed with a red-hot iron, my hands would have written it. A crime can find a thousand tongues! And now that I have told it, I feel so much happier. You would not believe it, Peppeta. I am like myself again. I feel as if I should never be unkind or irritable any more. The load has fallen from my heart. Come, now, and kiss me. Let me take you in my arms!"

Extending his hands, he approached her. As he did so the look of horror with which she regarded him intensified and she retreated before him until she reached the wall, looking like a scared hare against a precipice by a storm. Such dread was on her face that he dared not touch her. "What is the matter?" he said. "Are you afraid of me?" She did not reply, but gazed at him as if he were some monster suddenly risen from the deep. He endured the glance for a single moment, and then, realizing the crime which he had committed, he excited an uncontrollable repulsion for him in her soul, he staggered backward and sank once more into his chair, the picture of helplessness and hopeless despair.

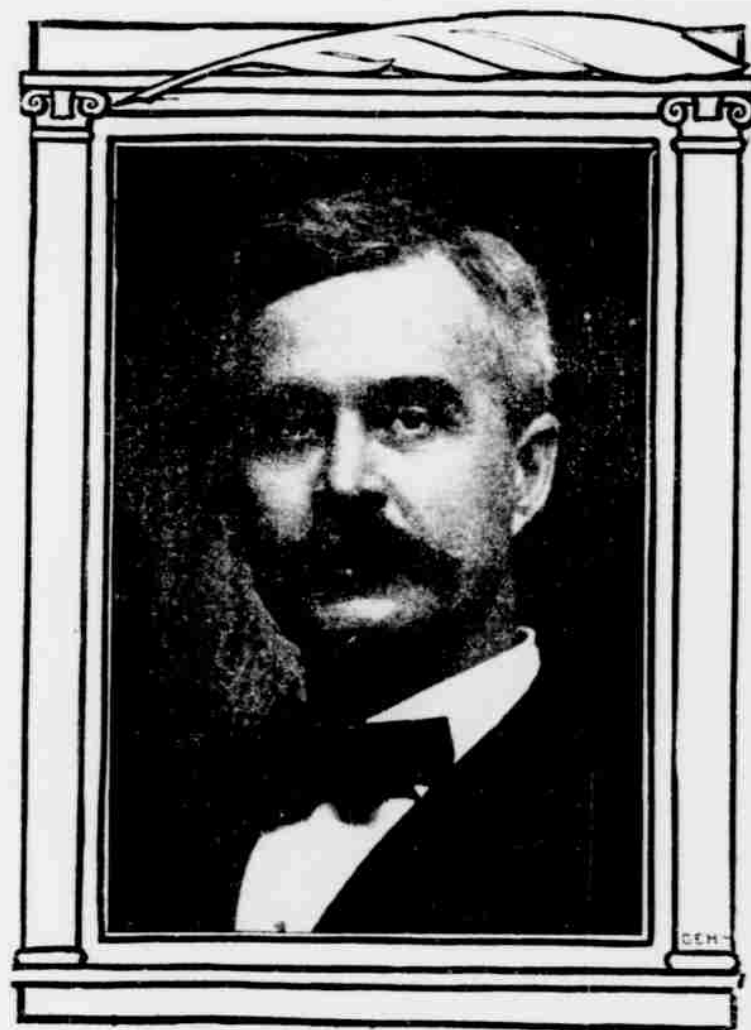
For a long time Peppeta gazed at him without moving or speaking. And then, as she beheld his misery, the look of horror slowly melted into one of pity, until she seemed like an angel who from some vast distance surveys a sinful man. Gradually she began to realize that he who had committed this dreadful deed was her own lover, and that it was the result of that guilty affection which they bore each other. The consciousness of her own complicity softened her. She moved toward him; she spoke.

"Forgive me," she said, "for seeming even for a moment to despise and abhor you. I do not mean to condemn you. No wonder that we do not know what to do. Who but

God can extricate us from this trouble? We are both guilty, David. . . . It is true that your hands are stained with blood, and yet I love you! My heart yearns for you this moment as never before. I long to take you in my arms."

He interrupted her by springing from his chair and attempting to embrace her; but she waved him back with a strange and

Charles Frederick Goss, Author of a Successful Novel, "The Redemption of David Corson."



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WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

The troubles of the operatic impresario and the theatrical manager pale into insignificance compared with the trials and tribulations of the director of the Hot-Time Minstrels.

This interesting position is held by Mr. "Buck" Pittman—a position that calls for the exercise of all the finesse that this up-to-date young man can muster.

In the discharge of his duties, Mr. Pittman finds it necessary to handle the society-boy stars in his company as gently and delicately as the average youth treats his very best girl. He sees every one of his soloists personally every few days; "jollies" them along; gets them to promise to be at the next rehearsal; has their music arranged and attends to the infinite variety of other details connected with the preliminary for a Twentieth Century society theatrical performance.

But even after Mr. Pittman spends feverish days, as well as restless nights, in this delicate missionary work, unlooked-for difficulties are ever arising to baffle him in his efforts to perfect the performance in advance.

For instance, he will call a rehearsal for Monday evening, but Edgar Lackland has to lead a communion that night and cannot possibly attend. So Manager Pittman must issue invitations to a Tuesday night rehearsal, only to find that Leone Gale has an engagement to dine that he cannot possibly break. Should he change it to Wednesday, he finds that Wallace Niedringhaus or Steve Martin have social functions "booked" for that evening that they cannot think of "cutting out." And finally, if he turns to Friday night, he finds that John Daurer must sing with the Elks Quartet. So he thinks that Saturday will surely do, only to find that Bert McKinnis plays golf that afternoon at the Field Club and cannot possibly get back in time for rehearsal.

That was Manager Pittman's experience for about a month in trying to get the show started. He finally got out the notices for the first rehearsal three weeks in advance, and in that way managed to get four of the minstrels on hand by actual count.

That called for the exercise of all Mr. Pittman's diplomatic energy. Enlisting the distinguished services of Mr. Dewey Hickey as his assistant, he called on all the absent members and at the second meeting got them all to "show up." Since then there has been unbounded enthusiasm at the rehearsals—so much enthusiasm, in fact, that the volume of voice proceeding from the studio of Mrs. Stella Kellogg Haynes has more than once caused commotion in that vicinity. Once a big policeman rushed upstairs to investigate, when Hurr McKinnis was shouting "Beware, Beware!" in his practice of "Asleep in the Deep" and more than one pretty girl stopped as she passed the corner while Wallace Niedringhaus was singing "I Love You, Dear, and Only You."

Several of the minstrels in the building have become zealous from hearing Leone Gale rehearse "The Minstrel," while others have told Steve Martin that "The Story of the Rose," as he sings it, is vastly different from the tales of American beauties that they have figured in in the past.

When Messrs. Pittman, Hickey and Daurer see their rag-time creations, business in the Vista block is practically suspended. The colored porters in the barber shop below, the porters throughout the building,

to her men and continued: "I long to take you in my arms and comfort you. I could live with you or I could die with you. But there is a voice within my soul that tells me that we must part. Lives cannot be bound together by crime. While misfortune and mistakes may knit the hearts of lovers together, evil deeds must tear them apart! We are not lawfully mar-

ried and so—"

"But we can be!" he exclaimed.

"No," she answered, in a voice that sounded to him like that of destiny; "No, we cannot!"

"We shall not part!" he cried, springing forward and seizing her by the wrist. "God has bound us together and no man shall put us asunder! We are as firmly linked by vows as by virtue. This secret will draw us together! We cannot keep away from each other. I should find you if you were in heaven and I in hell. You are mine! mine! I say! Nothing shall part us. Have I not suffered for you and striven for you? What better title is there than that? It was not the sin, but the secret which has alienated us, and now that I am not compelled to guard it any longer, there can be no more trouble between us. The deed has passed unsuspected. We should have heard of it long ago if any one had ever doubted that it was an accident. Let the dead past bury its dead! Let us be happy!"

He looked down upon her as if his will were irresistible; but she remained unmoved and immovable, and gazed at him with deep, sad eyes in which he saw his doom.

"No," she said calmly, "we must part."

It seems that the redemption of David Corson was yet a long way off, and so it was. The reader is referred to the book itself for the story of that final triumph.



the dusky attendants in the Turkish bath nearby, and even the ebony satel-lites in the corner drug store forsake their accustomed haunts and make the hallways outside of the studio ring with the peculiar echo of shuffling feet so pleasantly familiar to all who love fine food and fine dancing.

But the prime favorite with these dark-skinned tenants is Frank Davidson. He can "stutter with his feet" in a fashion that is excelled by nobody in St. Louis. In previous Hot-Time Minstrel shows Mr. Davidson has not had sufficient opportunity to display his exceptional talents to their fullest extent. This year, however, he will take no chances. He has notified

Mr. Desbarger, who will be the interlocutor, that he will not allow the cessation of the music to conclude his act.

"I can do my act without any music," he declared a few nights ago, "and," he added, with fine feeling, "I will even furnish my own sound to dance on." But there is no danger of Mr. Desbarger cutting Mr. Davidson short. It will be his effort "in the middle" to bring out the best talents of all the Hot-Times, and no amateur interlocutor will ever have such a talented array of singers to call on as he will have at the Odeon next Monday evening (December 10), when the society boys will give their minstrel performance for the benefit of the Mothers' and Babies' Home.

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SOME SUCCESSFUL YOUNG MEN.

McClure, Phillips & Co. will bring out Seumas MacManus's first long novel dealing with Irish life and character. It will appear serially in McClure's Magazine during the coming winter, and will be issued in book form in the spring. It is entitled "Lord of the O'Sheas." Evidently the title has recently been changed, for when Mr. MacManus was last heard from he was intending to call his book "A Lord of the O'Sheas." It is just possible that he has written two novels during the long Donegal summer. Eight years ago Mr. MacManus was a schoolmaster in Donegal, writing for the local papers tales and ballads, which showed a fine native perception. He was conscious that his matter had genuine merit, but failing to obtain the recognition he thought due him

in Ireland and despatching it from England, two years ago he stuffed a bundle of manuscript into his traveling bag and came to America, unheralded, unknown and inconspicuous. Here he began the long editing and publishing of various efforts, showing them his literary wares and expatiating on their merits with fine Irish candor. So successful was he that when spring came and he started to the other side, there was scarcely a magazine or periodical in this country that had not purchased a story from him or contracted for the writing of one.

The publishers of "Monsieur Beaucaire," another famous edition of the book, which will not be from the press for ten days owing to the time required in color printing. Meantime no copies are to be had and the demand is increasing. During the past ten days nearly two thousand copies have been sold—not a bad record for a small volume. With the little book, but been selling steadily, preparations for its presentation on the stage have been going on. The dramatization was done by Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland, of Boston, and Richard Mansfield will present the play in New York next January. A number of changes were made in the story for the stage version, so that there might be a happy ending for the heroine as well as for the hero of the tale.

Charles Battell Loomis, whose "Yankee Emancipators" have made a hit in New York, is to have his stories issued in book form by McClure, Phillips & Co. He tells an amusing story connected with his school life.

According to Mr. Loomis, although he rather doubts it, he was not a good scholar and his reports did not fill his parents with joy. They wondered why he did not make a better showing, as he was not a dull boy. The answer was at last forthcoming in a note from the principal of the school, who wrote:

"Will you please see to it that Charles reads less fairy stories and puts in more time on his home studies. His fairy stories will be the ruin of him."

That the principal was not a good prophet is shown by Mr. Loomis's success in fairy stories.



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